THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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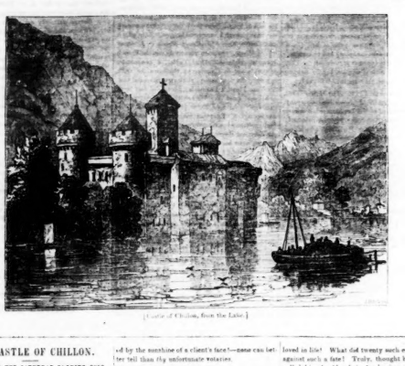
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1293.



Castle of Chillon, from the Lake.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This relic of the knightly ages is situated on Lake Lemanc, a sheet of water celebrated in Switzerland. It is celebrated alike in history, romance and song. Within its gloomy dungeons, patriots have been imprisoned for seeking the liberty of their country; and the traveller can still see, in the dungeons floors, the marks worn by the footsteps of the prisoners. To romance it has been celebrated by Byron; the scene of his famed novel being laid in this vicinity. Byron, in his "Prisoner of Chillon," has made this old world pile sacred to song.

Indeed, as well known is this castle, from the descriptions of numerous travellers, that it would be a work of supererogation to enter into a detailed account of it here. Pictures of it are not, however, so familiar to the public; we have procured this engraving of it for the "Post."

Original Tales.

HARRY BEAUMONT;
OR,
The Young Guardian.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The gray and fast fading light of a cold and wintry evening, was the work, part of the month of November, was hurrying the chilled pedestrians of the busy streets of New York to their in-door comforts. Yet even in the midst of the bustle and peculiary notes of approaching winter—a cold north easter had been whistling down the fixed thoroughfares, when at last the wind had lulled sufficiently around, near they were laying low—stunted upon the trade or no—there still lingered some signs of beauty. Truly might this have been called one of—the most aesthetic days, the saddest of the year. It had come on sudden comfort to the much still weather at a lingering autumn—its hoarse sounds jarring upon the state of delicious repose in which all mind and nature had seemed lulled by the present tranquility. Even—evening—even yesterday the silvery haze of the atmosphere appeared but a soft thin veil drawn across a sunshiny sky, and now these lines had a part in producing the present attack. Had his mental soliloquy found rest in words it would have been—as near as reflect—No, I am now reflecting—from her treatment of me last evening, that the hopes I have so long cherished are vain and delusive. It would be useless for me to sit but such a blind madman as myself—to my feelings and ardent love she returns nothing but kind regard, or friendship, or some such cool unmeaning sentiment. I might long ago have known it. What madness and presumption it was to hope, that a creature, so lovely and brilliant, so courted and admired would stoop to one, poor in all but knowledge—yet none this love returned! I feel there is that within me which would be round and make me worthy of her. Dearest Sophie! I could have made you happy if love—but pshaw, I will not think of this. I now know that it never can be. See is too perfect, too amiable to remain so long unsought, and though she has not—that she has given her heart to another. I must try and forget her—but since discovering her confidence—to waste one hour unprofitably regretting that—to say nothing—but act to purpose. When in her presence—I return to my former delusion and folly—but now it becomes more than weakness, it borders upon the dishonorable. The first step to be taken, is to determine not to expose myself to dangers, and—to must descend to one or his own name—to a Beaumont—and a secret will made to that effect had been executed and delivered to the interested and cautious guardian of his declining years.

But to return to the letter, the outside of which Harry had examined with all the curious indifference of one totally uninterested in its contents. He had vacantly read the post-mark of the obscure little Southern town, and admired the round and independent flourishes of the superscription—and not till Mrs. Dixon was dismissed and the tea equipage removed from the table, did he break the seal. Twice was it necessary to peruse it ere the slightest comprehension of its meaning could be gathered, so unexpected was the nature of its contents. When at last clearly understood it was found to contain an offer of accommodation from a distant relative, even his uncle "John Beaumont," together with a copy of that part of the will in which all the probity of [illegible] had been declared "the real Harry Beaumont" heir to the Oatland estate and all thereunto appertaining.

The first feelings of surprise over, Harry's thoughts turned to a retrospection of the life and character of him by whom he had become so unexpectedly connected. Unwept in death and unlamented in life! What did twenty such estates weigh against one such love! Truly, thought he, *I* may be called his shadden heir, for, having never sought or expected this bestow of him, I cannot feel that any debt of gratitude is due to him—he left it to me because he had to leave it to some one—and he left it to a Beaumont because he was related to the individual *Harry* from personal affection. Then followed thoughts of the "...t manoured widow—he could perfectly imagine from his knowledge of her artless and designing character, what her present rage and disappointment must be.

But we will pass over a few months following this important event. During them, Harry had made his visit to the south, entered upon the possession of his fine estate, and put his affairs upon such a footing as would enable him to live at a distance and enjoy his handsome income. There was not much to put in order for his uncle had for always resided upon his estate and exercised the strict watchfulness of a close master; there were no losses to correct, and little else to do than to convey the authority of general agent into other hands and everything was at length settled and Harry had enough of the southern indolence of character to make him enjoy the termination of all those business-like cares and exasperating difficulties which had himself upon a return to the leisure of his town life.

Not having as yet matured his plans, he determined upon first returning to his former unpretending lodgings. Old Mrs Dixon (if not dead) would experience no welcome on his back, and a smart young attendant now filled her place. A few days after his return, he received a message from the old woman, requesting him, as a great favor, to call and see her. He found her occupying a small room, newly furnished but prettily neat and clean. The poor old creature's excessively emaciated appearance and hollow cough plainly indicated the hopelessness of her case. On the side of her bed reclined her little grandchild, and the contrast their presented would to the poet or painter have afforded a rich subject for description or delineation. The old woman was propped up in her bed, evidently to assist her difficult breathing leaving upon one side of the pillow, her soft golden ringlets mingling with the thin scattered gray locks of the dying woman, the bright lobe countenance of her little grand child. She had sobbed herself to sleep, and the big tears still glistened upon her blooming cheek. Harry thought that he had seldom witnessed a more touching spectacle. He approached the bed-side, and taking the old woman's extended hand, gently inquired after her health and wants.

"I would not have taken the liberty, my dear young gentleman, of asking you to come and see a poor old woman like myself, but I felt that death now was near at hand—but at this solemn moment there is one thought that disturbs the peace of what I should like to forget and interrupts the prayer of resignation to my Master's will. Oh! my dear sir! you see this beautiful creature before you—she is all I have in the world—all I have to take charge of it and provide for it when its only parent is gone!"

The poor woman stopped and gasped for breath —she had given way to a degree of excitement overpowering to her strength. Harry had seen no more beautiful sight than the real life of this child—the strongest sympathy in his young and ardent heart. He soothed the poor creature with the kind[illegible] and promised that the orphan should be well in attending to the wants of her lodger—the child had been made more brightly, and the closely swept hearth, and the well trimmed lamp gave a air of cheerfulness to the apartment. The white cloth was spread upon a little table, and all the accompanying arrangements for his simple evening meal placed upon it. Partly from a desire to afford some comfort to the poor old woman, partly from the less selfish motive of evincing his sympathy and interest in the success of the worthy attendant, Harry gradually drew from her the details of her like's trials. The conversation was interrupted by the latter's young.

"There is a letter for you, sir."

Harry had but few correspondents—an orphan heir of his present prospects and the avaricious, if not an aged great uncle whose miserly heart he had never attempted to soften. This uncle had late in life married a young wife whose artful machinations it was universally believed would eventually succeed in obtaining the sole object for which she had married, and for his handsome estate. The old gentleman had also had an interested motive when he assumed the hymeneal shackles—he wanted a nurse for his old days. But that wish could be gratified without obliging him to leave his broad acres and mansion for a dwelling; therefore a choice must descend to one or his own name—to a Beaumont—and a secret will made to that effect had been executed and delivered to the interested and cautious guardian of his declining years

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

TERMS.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We are pleased to hear from all classes of men that business, during the present year, has been unusually good. The merchant seems satisfied with what he has sold—the mechanic speaks favorably of the number of buildings in course of erection—and the community in every pulse, throbs with health and content. It is pleasant to record these things, for success of any kind is a benefit to us all. In one sense we live on each other; and the farmer as well as the merchant feels the benefit of the "good times." Nor can a country, so rich in natural resources as this, fail of growing great and wealthy, if its citizens are only industrious and true to themselves. The danger is that when people begin to grow rich, they disregard the maxims to which they owe their success: they launch into extravagance; they embark in wild speculations to make fortunes in a day; until finally personal and national bankruptcy results, and the country loiters for years on the brink of ruin.

In another column will be found the Steel Engraving news. There is little of interest brought out by this arrival; but our foreign letter makes up for the deficiency of the fullness of its miscellaneous table. The Cambria, which is the bearer of the news, unfortunately struck on Cape Cod. Whether she will be a total loss or not, we have as yet no certain information. The Boston Advertiser says that the steam towboats Robert B. Forbes, and Gen. Lincoln, were immediately sent to her assistance. An express was also sent to Hingham, to direct the steamer Mayflower to proceed to the scene of the disaster, and render such assistance as might be necessary. In the two first named boats a very large force of seamen was sent down, that there might be no lack of nautical strength. With these strenuous and prompt exertions, it is hoped that the Cambria may be got off the beach without loss and without delay.

John Quincy Adams, even in his old age, maintains the gallantry of his youth, as the following verses will show. They were written by him in the Album of a young lady, and are published for the first time in the Saturday Inquirer of last week.

TO MISS [illegible] M[illegible]

One day between the Lip and Heart
A wordless strife arose,
Which was superior in the art
His purpose to disclose.

The Lip called forth her vassal Tongue,
And made him vouch—a lie!
The slave his servile anthem sung,
And hour'd the listening ear.

The Heart, to speak, in vain mov'd;
Nor could his purpose reach—
His will was none nor power employ'd
His silence was his speech.

Mark then their difference, child of Earth!
While each professes her part—
Not all the Lip can speak is truth
Nor all the Heart is art.

Washington City. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

The accounts from Mexico still speak of renewed revolutions in that distracted country. It would seem, indeed, as if, for some good national reason, that nation had been given over to anarchy and ruin as it, in her degenerate career. Providence was making of us an example and a warning in all time; as if the cruelties of Cortez, and the tyranny of his successors, were being terribly avenged on the Spanish conquerors of the empire of the Montezumas. Let us not be among those who suppose that God has nothing to do with the destinies of kingdoms. Never was a great national crime permitted without retribution, sooner or later overtaking the oppressors. He who suffers not a sparrow to fall unheeded, will surely not overlook the wrongs and iguominies of millions of men. Why, then, is Mexico a more atoning nation?

It seems, at first, a mystery that this country should have risen to such greatness, while Mexico, so much favored by soil and climate, should have fallen so low. In all that ought to make a nation rich and powerful she has the advantage of the United States. Travellers speak with rapture of the magnificence of her table lands, the gorgeousness of her forests, the richness of her valleys, and the exuberant fertility of her vallies. She possesses every variety of climate, from tropic heat to polar snow. Those lofty regions of the north are teemed with a crowded population; no numerous, indeed, were her inhabitants, and so industrious withal that even the declivities of her hills were under cultivation. From the summit of the lofty ridge which encloses the valley of Mexico, the influences of Ceres see a hundred cities shining in the sun, the great capital of Montezuma in the centre, surrounded by her thousand islands of living verdure. Now how changed! Those cities are desolate, those fertile landscapes desecrated, and in the palaces of emperors rouge weeds fatten, and wild beasts howl.

This desolation, it may be said, arises from the fact that Mexico was not settled by the Anglo-Saxon race. Yet this is not wholly the cause of the ruin of so fine a kingdom. The Spanish conqueror of the sixteenth century were not of a contemptible stamp, and were quite equal, if not superior, to the Englishmen of their day. Spain, at that time, was at the head of Europe, and governed her high pensions, moreover, to the valor of her arms. But through the despotism and cruelty of her, the Spanish conquerors were regardless of right. Some of them were fanatics, and others were knaves, but all possessed the ubiquitous or transferable quality of stretches. So that they wrung gold out of the miserable Mexicans, they cared not what laws, human or divine, they outraged. With their gold, in fact courage, their christianic sense of honor, and their spirit of adventure which approached to madness they were also distinguished for ingenuity and bloodthirsty. They conquered the land by fraud, and they held it by terror. The miserable inhabitants were parceled out among these soldiers of fortune; the cacique was last made for the wine-cup; and during their centuries of regular and outrage cried out in vain to Heaven for vengeance.

But the day of retribution came at last. By the inevitable decree of Providence the Spanish conquerors were made to work out their own ruin: they oppressed the natives and the natives became the victims and avengers would be found; and when the revolution against Spain broke out, these Indians showed the most terrible energies in pursuing and hunting them down like dogs with most merciless hate. When the Spaniards were driven out, and the native Mexicans, Creoles, who now hold the reins of government, became lords of the ascendant, a new phase in this work of retribution appeared. Party was turned against party; province against province—so that now, for twenty years, Mexico has been cursed with anarchy and misrule.

The great body of the Mexican people are of Indian extraction; but of the rulers, the chief offices of the State are in the hands of the Creoles. The degenerate descendants of the Spanish conquerors, now holding power in Mexico, are perhaps the lowest in the scale of all the Caucasian race. They are not destitute of intellect; subtle, astute, and accomplished, masters of the art of dissimulation, they make the best diplomatists and the most successful traitors in the world. But they possess none of the loftier virtues, which united to equal abilities, have made man and nations famous. Poor, degraded Mexico, in changing masters, has scarcely altered her conditions for the better! The great mass of her people endure as much oppression under the republic as they did under the Spanish rulers. Instead of having but one master to plunder them, they now have eighteen, who, in fact, rule under the name of State taxes, loans, and indemnities. Each new ruler has new exactions to make, every revolution is but a door for fresh spoils.

Such a people enlist our warmest sympathies; yet, such a people are not to be benefited by any help which they may extract from the care of themselves. Their fortune destiny is known, only to the omniscient mind of the Creator. Whether they will become restored to a guaranteed monarchy, whether they will struggle on under a military despotism or whether, by foolishly declaiming, they will invite conquest from this country, remains yet a secret in the womb of time. We might venture a prediction, but that would be all, and any prediction now would be idle and unstuffed for. The one thing is certain—Mexico cannot long exist as she is now.

FATHER HEINRICH.

We learn, from a correspondent of the North American, that this eccentric musical genius, so well known in this city, is about to return to Europe before his death, those honors which his genius ought to have commanded these many weary years ago. He is probably the most extraordinary musical genius now living, and is supposed to be (and well might be) the original of Sulpeit's Chartese Tomas in the celebrated picture now in Sanssouci, but gave way, and was cheated out of his property through his benevolence and confidence in others. He then embarked for America with his wife.

Here, after a tremendous storm came up and the musician seized his violin and began conversing in a most Weird language with the spirit of the storm. The passengers, all they could do, stopped and found the gale still increasing, leaked upon the inspired fiddler as the Jonah of the scene, and generously resolved to him that he must go overboard. "Very good," said the fiddle, "I am ready, but if you will allow me ten minutes to finish the composition I have just begun, I will cease ready." They consented, and the storm suddenly abating, his life was saved. Since he has been residing in every way to earn the wherewithal to keep his fiery soul within his poor enfeebled crazy old body. He has composed a considerable amount of music of all kinds, some full of vagaries and startling novelties, but full also of the true fire of genius. He is now about seventy years old, and if the artists of the city, determined that he should have one grand triumph before he died, have all volunteered to get him up a concert. Something odd and in the style of the old master will be performed. This concert took place on Wednesday evening.

KANKAS INDIANS.

We announced, some time ago, the formation of a treaty with the Kankas Indians. Since then, the treaty has been ratified, and its essential provisions are as follows:—The Kankas Indians cede to the United States two millions of acres of land on the east part of their country, embracing the entire width, thirty miles, and running west the quantity. In consideration thereof, the United States pays to the Kankas Indians $300,000 in cash which $100,000 are to be funded at five per cent, the interest to be paid annually for thirty years, and thereafter to be funded, and paid per cent should the number decrease, but not otherwise. One thousand dollars to be applied for purposes of education annually. $1,000 for agricultural implements. $10,000 for the balance $18,000 to be paid them annually in their own country. The two thousand dollars, not necessary for purposes of education—first, necessary expenses of negotiating this treaty; second, $400 to the Methodist Episcopal Church; third, $600 for the erection of a mill in the Kankas Country. The west line of the territory thus ceded to be surveyed as soon as the general treaty is concluded by the United States. The Kankas Indians are to remove from the country now ceded, by the 1st of May, 1869. It is to be kept in the mind that the Kankas Indians are not to receive—first, necessary expenses of negotiating this treaty; second, $400 to the Methodist Episcopal Church; third, $600 for the erection of a mill in the Kankas Country. The west line of the territory thus ceded to be surveyed as soon as the general treaty is concluded by the United States. The Kankas Indians are to remove from the country now ceded, by the 1st of May, 1869. It is to be kept in the mind that the Kankas Indians are not to receive the $18,000 or to be paid them annually in their own country. The two thousand dollars, not necessary for purposes of education

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Letters must be carefully solicited to make quick remittances, otherwise it is difficult to keep accounts correctly. They should always give names and time paid for.

Persons wishing to change the Post Office address must state from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is now out for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by James R. Smith, G. H. Diamond, T. Gardner Bendt, T. T. Dow and R. T. Jones.

JOHN SUMMERS, Florida, East and W.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by Ed. W. Stevenson.

JAMES R. LEWIS is Agent for Alabama and Louisiana.

ISRAEL K. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by Lemuel K. Fitzpatrick, J. H. Lewis, Wm. Hall, John D. Wood, Wm. Hall, R. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Colliss.

THOMAS SEVERN is now Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Texas.

JAMES PIERCE, is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some subscribers have axious on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the new regulations of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master when the money is deposited, he is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the persons paying the same, and the names of the persons for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master General, and to the Post Master at the place where the publication is published.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not entitled to receive any fee for the same, but he may receive for remitting the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the money is paid.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, Mallory, Pa., September 15, 1845.

Received from John Mallory, Esq., Postmaster at Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted my fee (one cent) and charged as such with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will credit the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of the receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent Banks, or pay agent of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

HISTORY OF THE BASTILLE. *By E. A. Duvergier.* 1 vol. *Philadelphia:* Carey & Hart. 1845. This is the first of a series of Novels which M. Duvergier has proposed issuing under the general head of a Select Library of Fiction. The plan is a good one, and we wish well selected to begin the series. We have often wondered that the History of the Bastille has never been attempted in this country—in London it has been very popular, and even had through several editions. The works succeeded, is excellent, gives only of standard repute, and such as would be an acquisition to any library. Each volume will contain, as we proceed to match "The History of the Bastille," which is an extraordinary case, about 400 pages, and the volumes will be sold at fifty or twenty five cents, according to their size. The price of the present volume is fifty cents.

REMARKS on a *Recent Work Published by Henry & Carey & Lea*, entitled *the Complaint*, or *Book of Job Illustrated by Passages from the Writings of Counsel.* 1 vol. 12mo. *Philadelphia:* Carey & Hart. 1845. This is a pamphlet published anonymously, but the author, whoever it is, would have had no credit by attaching his or her name to it. It is the amount of the work, the result of the author's own experiments, is contained in the volume. The writer of this little pamphlet offers a theory different from the author of the "Complaint," but does not think he views leads to absolute truth. The pamphlet contains valuable information on the "Queen Bee," from the excellent treatise.

LOUISE AND REGINALD. *By T. S. Arthur.* 1 vol. *New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.* 1845. This is a sketch of married life, by Mr. Arthur, whose practical views we so well and deservedly in repute. The price of the volume is but twenty five cents. It can be had at *T. B. Peterson's, No. 98 Chestnut Street.*

THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, *for May.* This is an excellent number of this valuable periodical, which, certainly in a villainous effort. And in particular there is worse than none at all. The colored frontis, however, is pretty and the letter press of the number are good.

FURNEAUX'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By J. Frost, L.L. D.* Here is another number of this valuable publication. The spirit and style of the illustrations are kept up to a very considerable, and should woo for Mr. Comstock a most enviable reputation. Weiker & Gillis are the publishers.

Fires.

☞ During the thunder shower on Saturday afternoon, the barn and extensive hay house of Hugh Nesbitt, in Center township, Beaver county, Pa., were struck by lightning, and entirely consumed, together with a new wagon, harness, &c., and a considerable quantity of oats, &c. Two houses standing at the west end of the barn, were instantaneously killed by the lightning. The buildings were insured in the old Insurance Company of Berks.

☞ The steamboat Live Oak, when about six miles above Natchez Ala. on Cross Lake, took fire, and was, together with her cargo, totally consumed. The boat was owned by Messrs. Seamans & Co., Edinburgh, which was also that of the University, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is immense, but the whole amount of the insurance, was to load the taxes of all the Asiatic tongues, particularly the Arabic.

A bill has been introduced into Parliament to allow the unchartered railway companies to dissolve and wind up.

A bill was brought into the House of Commons to enable railroad companies which had not got their charters to dissolve and divide their money.

Lord Stanley heads the opposition to Peel and is fighting hard for the Protectorate.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

The Times says, "the accounts from the United States by the Hibernia, to the beginning of April, have excited a good deal of attention. The message of Mr. Polk to Congress is not considered warlike; indeed, some of the public writers profess to see in it a disposition to avoid a rupture, and to shrink from the expense to which the country will be put by arming for a conflict. Seventy millions of dollars, and a possible sacrifice of 20,000 men, are not a trifling for commencing the emergency of the case, would induce every man who contemplates the subject to pause, and astonishing even to inquire into its necessity.

The following extracts from an article on the London Times, of the 14th ult., show that the paper does not look upon the line of 49 degrees even as a certain line of agreement, and gives also the latest opinion which we find on that question:

☞ "In the whole course of these negotiations, that which has changed most completely is the claim set up by the Americans. In 1818 and 1826, the territory in dispute was expressly asserted and clearly understood, to be comprised between the 42d and 49th degrees of latitude. As for the more northern limit between it and 54 40, we are not aware that the paramount claims of Britain to that part of it, were then called in question. The proposal of a partition ranged between the mouth of the Columbia and the 49th degree, but not beyond; and the American plenipotentiaries ostensibly claimed the whole of that region, but no more. Since that time, and in their more recent discussions, they have raised their demands, they have laid claim to the whole country: and then, as if it were the farthest limits of condescension and concession, they reject in their former offer, the very same which they before rejected. * * *

They have raised a claim to the whole of Oregon, not without any expectation of acquiring the entire province, but in order to reconcile us to terms we have before declined to be inadmissible, for the truth is, that the bare 49th parallel, is to all intents and purposes, the same thing that it was twenty years ago.

"We intimated an opinion some time ago, that the 49th parallel ought conveniently to serve as the basis of an arrangement; but it is clear that such a proposal must be accompanied with more extensive concessions than could be reasonably asked for by the Americans. It must leave the whole of Vancouver's Island, the navigation and harbor of the Straits of Fuca, the free use of the Columbia and its northern branches down to the sea, and an indemnity or compensation to the Hudson's Bay Company for the posts they would be called upon to surrender. * * * The moderate members of the Senate make the 49th parallel their "fighting line." President Polk is evidently more inclined to lean to the side of resistance than of concession; and on our side we can really discover no motive or reason or argument to justify us in any further departure from the position assumed long ago by the British Government, and confirmed by the explanatory declarations of the Ministers of the Crown."

Lord Aberdeen has written a despatch to Mr. Pakenham, announcing failing of his course.

FAMINE IN IRELAND.

A Castlebar paper has the following, headed Famine in Mayo.—This great and long dreaded scourge has at last broken forth. We have been written to from several parts of this extensive county, by gentlemen upon whose veracity we place the most implicit reliance, giving the most awful accounts of the sufferings of the people at this early period of the season. Even in Ballina, in the immediate neighborhood of this town, many families are at this moment, we learn, without food; and the wretched sufferers are now endeavoring by poisonous herbs, that grow in the fields, to assuage his as

A Golden Poem.

DID GOD SO WILL IT?

BY ELIZA COOK.

Did God so will it? Trods it in the tone
That on irreligion's evil denial of man,
And worshippers at the Eternal throne
Will's breathe it forth in fear of mortal law.
We've seen their scenes that revile at our eyes,
Scouring the bosom but to shelf and chill it,
Oh, who shall guess—nor but the question rise,
Did God so will it?

The Holy Word, type'd by the gentle bird
Of Holy Peace, as often yield'd around
As a focus was cry—seeking the bright and pure,
Basking and hoping where hope did dwell and still it,
Till his free crops are thrust from their own track—
Did God so will it?

The heirs to Fortune eat, drink, laugh and sleep,
Scarce knowing Winter's cold from Summer's heat;
Strange contrast with the lank-pinched farmer that cries
With restless heads, and bleeding, heartless feet,
Will's mind? Would mothers in toil and dread
Where the full feast is decked with flowery fête,
Would not hunger sate with meat?
Did God so will it?

'Tis a fit question, when the coward head
Droops meekness anguish to the patient lungs;
Proud, upright thing of clay, then had'st command
To rule, but not to torture the poor mass:
When there would'st urge the brave nerved to a task,
Knowing the mean inhuman work will kill it,
Rememb'st then not the voice of Conscience asks—
Did God so will it?

Come student in greenness, holds a wondrous claim
On the world's tenderness—for few will dare
To rail feel comfort by its proper name,
When it can greet and prey in guile friend of her
But let the perspier rise—Virtue disgraced
Rears a leg over, and Vengeance moves heavenward
Is Justice, thy bandage is not fairly placed—
Did God so will it?

'Tis a fit question to be put to Man
When he would trample brave misery already sad,
Reckless what pressing trials crowd the span
Of others' days—so that his own is glad;
'Tis a broad saying, but the stainless must
Will dare to curse the forehead that shall dwell it,
Inquiring oft, 'mid fastness base and blind,
Did God so will it?

Who can look out upon the earth, and see
Much that is there, without a startling fear
That Man has darkly set the eye to true
Where Nature gave him vineyard fruits to rear
Sorrow, Oppression, Carnage, Madness, Pain—
Read the world's record—note how these shall fill it,
Shriek out, but yet—low strain—in the silence and hush,
Did God so will it?

A Practical Story.

LOUISA.

BY MISS CHRISTIAN HANSON.

CHAPTER I.

She was beautiful! Oh! how transcendently beautiful! In ether lands and amid various scenes I have beheld beauty, but never did a face like hers meet my gaze. I cannot send of peerless loveliness in romance or history, without her bright image flowing before my mental vision.

Shall I describe her? Can words convey an adequate conception of her unrivalled excellence? Have was not the beauty of complexion, but of feature and expression. Her forehead was of a moderate height, smooth and polished as marble. Her nose was Grecian; her lips, beautiful in form and color, displayed, when she smiled, teeth such as I have never since seen so regular in form, in whiteness so extreme. The contour of her cheek was most perfect, her eyes of yet more bright, yet soft and liquid, her hair black and smooth as the plumage of a raven. Her complexion was too dark for beauty though I have seen a richer bloom crimson her cheek than a fairer skin would admit; yet it was the ever-changing expression of her lovely counte nance which constituted her personal charms.

Perhaps her figure was not equal to perfection in her face, yet it was good, save that it had a slight obliquity in the shoulder—such as would, I think, always wear some trusted drapery—and no graceful were her movements that the defect was seldom observed.

She was deficient in no feminine accomplishment, and her mind was highly cultivated in many more elective studies than were usually pursued by the males of the day to which she lived. So charming a woman could not be without many suitors—she was admired by all—decidedly loved by several. Among them was one young man, handsome and accomplished, though scarce her equal in mental powers—the encouraged many, but to Edmund Freeman she avowed a reciprocal regard. To him she was an object of idolatry—he lived but in her smile. Their affection, however, was concealed from all their friends—for he was poor, and she might have had the wealthiest and noblest of the land at her command. Her father, a stern man, she knew would not permit a union which he would consider as unsuitable—particularly as he frequently urged her to marry one of her rich suitors, who was more importunate than any of the others. She was an orphan yet to indicate by her she bel her father to believe that she would comply with his wishes—in the honorable she erased not to profess to Edward Freeman the most devoted attachment.

Louisa had a friend. What beautiful woman was ever without a confidant? Perhaps their regard was cemented by the very contrast in their persons and temperament: for while Louisa might be termed beautiful and brilliant, Mary might more appropriately be styled pretty, gentle, engaging and sensible. The second made to be admired and adored, the other to be loved and esteemed. Mary was fair and pale with hazle eyes, light auburn locks, and features which, though regular, were not striking—her form was symmetrical, her manners unobtrusive and feelings, yet easily aroused, were strong and enduring—silently the stream flowed but it was deep and broad. Her capacious mind was richly stored with various knowledge, which she treasured up to amuse her hours of solitude, or to gladden the family circle, but which was never brought forward for the purpose of display. Although so much she was much better qualified to bear adverse fortune than her more valuable friend. No one can gaze with more admiration on the lovely Louisa, or listen with more pleased attention to her fascinating converse than Mary—even though she were herself neglected in the homage accorded to her companion.

Mary had hitherto escaped any dart from Cupid's shaft, but on a visit which she paid to a neighboring town, she met a young physician. He was the most captivating man she had ever seen. His polished person and well cultivated mind, he combined a manner so gentle and insinuating that Mary was not proof against his fascinating attentions—and when she returned home she had a love tale to breathe into the ear of Louisa, in return for the many confidences of the same nature which she had received. Louisa smiled.

I thought my dear Mary was proof against all attractions. He must be, indeed, a charming youth who has succeeded in making the many behind me his heart. Heigh ho! you are a fortunate girl—your lover is wealthy and well descended, and your father is so kind that Dr. Wharton need only ask your consent, which poor Edward and I must sigh through like without hope of a termination to our woes!

She rose, and going to the mirror, looked for a moment at the faultless image it reflected, and playfully throwing back her glossy ringlets, she gave with a waltzing step through the room as if anxious to cast off the unpleasant thoughts which had intruded.

At the period of this conversation Louisa was on a visit to Mary. The father of Louisa had expected, notwithstanding the precautions used, that there was some regard entertained by Edward Freeman for his daughter, and he had in consequence invited the young man with as much contempt that the lover forbore to visit at the house, and only occasionally met Louisa at the residence of her friend. And now Louisa, looking from the window, descried a horseman at some distance.

"Come, Mary, can you tell me who that is? My dear Edward is seldom long in discovering when I have made my escape from the prison house."

The girls, with their arms locked about each other, watched the approach of the visitor. At the same instant they both uttered a loud scream. Edward's steed had taken fright, and after plunging incessantly for more seconds, had succeeded in dismounting his rider, who was thrown among a bed of rocks, and dreadfully bruised. In a state of insensibility he was brought to the house.

The bloom had fled from the cheek of Louisa at the long with motionless looks over the bleeding and insensate form. For many days Edward's life was despaired of—but consciousness had returned, and by her tender, watchful love, Louisa was enabled to pay her duty with her by his bed, with solicitude expressed in every lineament of her angelic face.

"Louisa, do not lament me if I die—your life will be worthless without you, and I shall never aspire to your hand; but mine will be the pain of seeing you another's in wealth and station. It is better, then, much better, that I should die."

Louisa sprang from her seat, and falling on her knees, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, she said,

"Heaven is my witness, Edward, that no force or persuasion shall ever compel me to marry any other person. I swear, if my father will not consent to our union, that I will remain single for your sake—but he will yield, he must to my entreaties—else I will brave his anger and be yours."

It was a beautiful sight to behold a woman so admired, so flattered, forgetting the homage of the crowd for the sake of one faithful heart. Unbelieved by adulation, wealth, or honor, deserting herself to a pure disinterested affection. Her sweet voice trembling as singing in some soft and thrilling chorus the hours of Edward's convalescence.

Her father was still ignorant of all that had occurred—but he often expressed his surprise to his ward, that on her return she would confirm the depth of her affection, and implore his sanction to the only event which would render him miserable.

The young man returned with renovated hopes to his usual avocations—and was, in fact, thankful for the accident which had procured him so much bliss.

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A month had elapsed since the visit of Louisa. Mary Bradley was seated at her piano, in company with her father, when she was startled by her father's, who had called in to spend a few hours. Her fingers were still playing, and her head turned as her own mind followed beneath her light touch.

Among the persons in the music the visitor who stood near her said,

"I need not ask you if you have heard the news, for of course you would be the first person apprized of the event."

"Indeed, I am at a loss to discover your meaning, sir," replied Mary.

"What, is it possible you have not heard of the approaching wedding of your beautiful friend, Louisa Graham?"

The pulse, replied Mary, "are very fond of disposing of Louisa's hand, but as I have heard no thing of it from herself, I can scarce give credit to the report."

"It is nevertheless true, though I am much surprised at your ignorance of the fact. Indeed I cannot doubt it, as I heard it from the gentleman himself, who gave me an invitation to the wedding which will take place in three days. It has been a very rapid courtship, and this may account for your not being apprized of it."

"I was heard it from the gentleman himself. Where did you see Mr. Freeman?"

"Freeman!" said the gentleman, in a tone of surprise—"I see you are quite in the wrong box, my dear girl. Dr. Willemere is the elected bridegroom, and a fine fellow he is."

Mary leaned over the piano. For a moment the blood forsook her heart: her utterance was impeded: her eyes, regarding the musician of herself, she kept on in a tone of so much indifference as she could assume.

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She fell on her knees and fervently thanked God for the escape which he had made from such a husband—such a friend. She was indeed unreserved by the sudden shock, and wept bitterly, but they were the last tears she ever shed for objects so unworthy. The strength of her character was called forth by the exigency—and none could have guessed that the placid tenor of her life had been disturbed. That there was a dreary blank in her affections that could not be by herself—she never sought assiduously to banish all reference to the unpleasant subject from her thoughts by exercises employments.

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He sank into a chair unable to support himself. "I have heard it with regret," said Mary.

"Have you been the confidant of that base transaction?"

"No, indeed—I heard it by accident."

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"I esteem you too much to pity you, Mr. Freeman, and I entreat you to respect yourself—and you wish but such a wife."

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How was the trial to Mary. She certainly would so far no further acquaintance with the doctor and his lady, yet etiquette would require her to call. But she felt a desire to show the perjured pair that she was unaffected by their perfidy. Her father, who was offended at the slighting manner in which she had been treated by her former friend, desired to omit the ceremony of a visit. She, however, persuaded, and they set forth in a state of the sensibility he was brought to the house.

Louisa, on hearing the name of Bradley, desired that she might be admitted. She entered, and, falling on her knees, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, she said,

"Dear Mary, as there was some little flirtation between you and Willemere, I feared you would think I had behaved unkindly. My only excuse is that I was ignorant of your attachment to him. I know not what it was to love till I saw him—therefore you must pardon me if have eclipsed you."

It was a beautiful sight to behold a woman so admired, so flattered, forgetting the homage of the crowd for the sake of one faithful heart. Unbelieved by adulation, wealth, or honor, deserting herself to a pure disinterested affection. Her sweet voice trembling as singing in some soft and thrilling chorus the hours of Edward's convalescence.

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Comic Poem.

LETTERS FROM CAPTAIN B—— TO LORD H—— F——.

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

And are you in love, my dear Harry!
And can your last letter be true?
And can you have parted so merry?
Alas! what those women can do!
You even give up the pleasure of dining
Your cousin's to-day with the peers!
Can you turn from your Club and cigar?
Oh the world for Miss Stanley dancing!
What! marry a woman of fashion?

No!
Oh! pause, are too late to recover!
Oh! put not the noose on your head!
Don't you find it a horse, as a lover?
Think, think what 'twill be if you wed!
Your home, dear Sir, will eventuate,
And, though you many love and admire,
It's the one of the two that's sensitive,
Dear Hal, make your bow and retire.

If you find that she can't dare a smacking,
If she can't make a stave or a song,
If she says, "oh law!" "merry!" "how shocking!"
If she ever declines her ice at any,
If mess of the country she's weary;
If she sighs for the Italian Opera,
If she talks about "Herschell's wife there!"
And "Lardner's dear book upon steam!"

If she wears leather shoes and pelisse small,
If she gives down her hair on her cheeks;
If she rejoices at every peace,
If she blushes whenever she speaks;
If she leaps a high gate on a beaver,
If she's fond of a book in the room;
If she talks about "Corsair" and "Gemini,"
If she sings the last Scotch air that's come;

If she crosses her legs or her ankles,
If you've seen her drink three cups of tea,
If she don't wear pantalettes and flannels,
If she's sick when she goes on the sea,
If she scream if she hear of a spider,
If her manners have any pretence;
If her gown don't touch her shoulder;
If her bustle is very immense;

If she's nervous, or bilious, or sickly,
If she likes her own carriage to roll;
If she can't take a hint from you quickly;
If her nose has the least tinge of red;
If she screams when you're in the least danger;
If terror. If she wished to see once more her wife and her friends,
If she can't be induced to stay,
If she's stupid, or if she is pert,

If she's one of those ugly, my dear Harry,
Whom you'd rather not have for bridal,
That she's very unpleasant to marry
Both Castle and Surrage declare,
A wife is a wretched invention,
And, Oh, dear Harry, don't be the moron:
Shall I save one? That's not my intention,
Unless the girls take me by force.

Salmagundi.

AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The amusing Paris correspondent of the Courrier des Etats Unis tells the following "One of our most celebrated painters had made with the very first architect at the Gallery the portrait of a lady whose fortune had enabled her to occupy a very distinguished place, and who had been, for a long time, regarded as one of the most beautiful women of Paris. Unfortunately, this reputation is one of those which cannot be kept up for ever. The lady in question has already reached an age in which no one is ever willing to acknowledge, however reluctantly it may have been forced on, the witty pen of Reine. The dusty files of the Civil Registry kept the secret of her forty summers, which she was anxious to hide, and with a wonderful skill, and by her great endeavors to be as much as possible in the open air, and when the child is not subdued by the first threat, repeats it a dozen times with a voice of increasing violence, and with many shakes of the head, which the little culprit, will certainly possess no answer.

4. Establish the unchangeable habit of not commanding a child but once. God what it may, irrevocable to obedience to the first command. And this is one cause why so many children are slow and disobedience escape punishment of some kind or other, and punishment that shall be effectual and easy to administer, is often very difficult to make vain your absolute authority.

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

BY MRS. OEME.

When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And thus remaining gathers
Round our retiring day,
Then shall we see
On the dim and shadowy past,
In the heart's silent chamber,
The guests that throng
Gentle and beautiful,
Gentle and beautiful,
Guests that in youth we cherished,
Shall come to us once more,
And we shall hold communion
As in the days before.
They may be dark and sombre,
They may be bright and fair,
But the heart will welcome them,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters,
Who shall be some of you?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When we have met to-gether?
Shall we not 'and the silence,
How voices were used to flow,
Speak the old familiar language,
The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,
Sweet smiling as of old,
Yet the more of that dear chamber
Are round circle of gold?
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day.

As soon as she had recovered herself she hastened to effect a compromise with the painter. The painter offered, before her own eyes, the effaceable addition, and the portrait, restored to its original condition, was purchased at the price originally stipulated—three thousand francs.

A HARD RUB FOR TRUTH.

Old Parson M., of ——, Worcester county, sometimes used to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned home after many of these excursions, he found his congregation quite dreary, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of the wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders, he said he had seen monstrous great mosquitoes, so large that many of them would weigh a pound!

"Yes," continued Parson M., "and moreover, they are often known to climb trees and bark!"

The next day one of the deacons called upon him, and told him that many of the brethren were much disturbed at what he had said in the sermon the day before.

"What stories!" says Parson M.

"Why, sir, you said that the mosquitoes in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound!"

"Well," rejoined the minister, "I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound."

"But," continued the deacon, "you also said they would climb up and bark!"

"Well, sir," says Parson M., "as to the climbing up on trees, I have seen them do that; haven't you, deacon?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, how could they climb up on the trees, and not climb on the bark?"

The deacon left.

MARRY OR MOVE.—An honest farmer of the State of Ohio, moving to Miss from a fashionable boarding school, for his second wife. He was struck dumb with her elocution, and gaped with wonder at his wife's learning.

"You may," said he, "have a hole through the earth, and climb up on the other side, and still you will you clean to a shanty how long the stone will be going clean through. She has learnt anatomy and cockneyology, all as you can see with a pair of eyes, and she has learnt to play on the pianner, and comical affinities. I used to think that it was sir! Indeed is every time that I expired; howsomever, enlisted the synagogue of my mind with all the wonderful things that I have been sucking in two kinds of gin, on gin and high gin! My stars!

If a curious discovery was made more than a century ago, Lucy Lambert's recollections near the chapter-house, adjoining Thornton Abbey, Lincolnshire. It was first mentioned by Dugdale, who visited the ruins in 1772. He says, "That upon taking down a the old wall there, they found a man with a coat-of-mail upon him, who was said to have been imprisoned. Tradition has always asserted that it was an abbot who suffered this panic-stricken punishment, for the sake of his ill-gotten gains. Another instance was recently discovered in Temple-Bruer, Lincolnshire.

A gentleman who has occasion to walk with two ladies and one umbrella, should always go in the middle—because he can't keep out to himself, and is showing no partiality to either of the ladies.

As you must never take the last piece of cake from the table, endeavor to get as many pieces as you can before the last piece is in the confidant.

The Family.

TO MOTHERS.

Very solemn are the duties which God has entrusted to every mother. It is no less than to train up a young immortal, for an endless existence. To clear hole which you hold in your arms, and rock in the cradle, has begun an existence that will never end. When the last hour has passed and the moment no more gives her light, when the heavens and the earth shall pass away, that dear child will live on through the ages of eternity. Let mothers then awaite that child, and how solemn the business of guiding that young mind in its first footsteps! Oh you, motherless, who are hastening under God what your children shall be in both worlds, for darkness and misery, or for happiness, a doubtless greater than that of all other beings united. If you lose your authority over them, you lose of course the control of your children, and then your children lose the clearest means which God has appointed for their happiness here and hereafter. If you once lose your authority and agreement as to lose your authority you never can regain it, for not only your own habits will stand in the way, but the confirmed habits of disobedience in untamed children, who will no longer break under the rod. Therefore, a mother's authority for three years to come will settle the question unchangeably, (especially if the habits are wrong,) whether you are to have command over your child or not. Establish the unchangeable habit of not commanding a child but once. God what it may, irrevocable to obedience to the first command. And this is one cause why so many children are slow and disobedience escape punishment of some kind or other, and punishment that shall be effectual and easy to administer, is often very difficult to make vain your absolute authority.

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Round our retiring day.

BATTLE ON.

Battle on! Never yield! 'tis nothing a slave
To shrink shrieked, when the long and the brave
Are breasting the swell
Of misfortune, which toll
That Time's escape is fast sweeping us all to the grave.
Battle on!

Are there hopes which were clustered in brilliant array,
Next the heart, like sun shadows all passing away?
Be regretful repressing
And rather
Those dreams that still linger round ambition's decay?
Battle on!

There lives not a hope that is dear to this heart,
Nor lingers a dream but may freely depart;
Still, this be our part,
Battle on!
As I journey along
Thro' the changes of life, where, we must but to part!
Battle on!

Battle on! No cry yield! 'tis the cry of the soul,
As she weeps o'er each grief, yet spurns in control,
And dreams of that land
Of no time golden mine
The wanniste of joy, shall eternally roll—
Battle on!

Let the past, let the past, with its gloomy estate,
Full of sorrow, religious and railings at Fate;
And this motto
When most we are tried,
Man's destiny here, is "to labor and wait!"
Battle on!

Our Scrap Book.

A COURT SCENE.

The following touching incident is from the Lancaster Democrat: On Saturday last, a young man, named Samuel Earl, was brought into court on a charge of passing counterfeit money. There being no doubt entertained as to his guilt, a jury was empanelled. The following conversation then took place between the Court and the prisoner:

Judge Lewis—Samuel, do you know me?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Judge L.—Are you a son of John Earl?"

Prisoner—I am, sir.

Judge L.—Where have you been since 1836?

Prisoner.—At work, up the Juniata."

Judge L.—Samuel, it is now two years ago, you conducted yourself with great propriety, under the most trying circumstances. Your good behavior secured the sympathy and obtained the good will of the whole community. You were left alone in the world. I am required to find that in this case there is no evidence to show that you knew the note was counterfeit; and I hope that you may continue to behave well, and that we shall hear no evil of you. You are discharged from custody."

At the conclusion of these remarks, his honor Judge Lewis, addressed the bar. He explain. At Williamsport, Lycoming County, ten years ago—Almost to the day—Judge Lewis sentenced Samuel Earl's father to death, for the murder of his mother, under the most aggravated circumstances. Samuel was then a boy of seven years of age, and gave important evidence on the trial; and clung to his father with unshaken affection and devotion up to the hour of his execution, although that father was the murderer of his own mother. Judge Lewis alone was passing sentence of death upon the elder Earl. Samuel and his little brothers and sisters clung to the convicted, trembling murderer, and by their cries and sobs, completely overpowered the feelings of his heart, which on the performance of his last and solemn duty. From that day Judge L. has last sight of Samuel Earl, until he discovered him in the prisoner's dock, at the time and under the circumstances already stated.

The trial of the late John Earl is still remembered in many parts of Northern Pennsylvania, and we think this little sketch or incident will be read with no ordinary feelings or interest by most of our subscribers in that section of the State.

DON'T BE IMPATIENT.

BY D. C. COLEARNEY

Don't be impatient—
Wait—wait—wait,
Then plunge into sorrow
You would better be late
By sorrow,
And there's nothing
The mark is not hit—
The bow is gone,
And fear be a r